cost peace; and there are combinations at work to roll him down, for which a charge that he was bely to embroit us in a war with you would form

a somirable groundwork.
There is a runner that Lord Dalhousie is dead. The death is not announced, but I have heard that there is good reason to apprehend it. His annoxation of Cude has excited the usual indignation from the Manchester men, who don't, however, hell us how it is possible to get on in India wither these measures. Whether it is that we are hardened old villains in these matters or not, or said that India is far off and investigation a bore. er that we are insular in everything, somehow pen-ple dear weep for Oude, and take its absorption suletly as they do their pudding.

Apropes of Manchester, it has a London organ

Aproper of Manchester, it has a London organ at lest in The Merning Star, a penny daily. Peuny callies hitherto, since the newspaper stamp was abeliated have been very bad, and not successful. Star Its Star is a creditable affair—well printed, with telegraphs from all the great capitals of Eu and is certainly a wonderful compendium much—it being a pet Manchester idea that news is the great thing, and that leaders, or, as you call Ben, editorises, are of little consequence. The editor, I believe, is Mr. Haly, formerly of The Pass News, and I fancy I see the hand of E. M. White there—The Leader's "Stranger in Par-banent"—who is, without doubt, the cleverest Radical writer extant. But literature is not the freis of Radicals. I see no reason to doubt The Sur's success in its own walk; but it will be a le. g. leng time before a penny daily ranks with the regular dailies here—so long, that I don't venture whiction of the time at all.

a prediction of the time at all.

Literature is dull just now. The book most
haled of is a foreign one—the "Future of England," by the Comte de Montalembert. He
writes with all the true French clearness and
glitter—a style all brilliance and flowers like a
fashionable dinner-table. His work is a panegy rice of our institutions which, for a foreigner, he un-derstands wonderfully well. Looking on Democracy and Despotism as the two features of the age, and maintaining that they really play into each other's band—his ideal is the old system of political liberty based on an aristocracy. Hence, he panervises the aristocracy of England, and attri-butes its permanence to the fact that are its permanence to the fact that only its heads of families retain privileges-that it is ever opening its ranks to new men-and that it occupies itself with public affairs, charities, and social impevements. All this is not new but it is eleverly ut; and as we have made so many blunders in put; and as we have made so many blunders in the war, we are axious to hear what people say of us. So M. de Montalembert has a large audience, just now—especially as nobody can deny that he is very readable. If he wrote in a werse temper one could not be surprisedsuch is the wholesale adulation of Napoleon at present the fashion in England. Nothing is heard of but the "Imperial Infant"—and this from a country which hooted Napoleon through life from the Strasburgh failure to the coup d'état. True, he is our ally: but is nt it rather a bit of national cenceit for us to tell the world that to be our ally is so great a virtue as to place a man beyond criti-cism, and elevate him for nothing short of adora-tion!

FRANCE.

GOSSIP-PARADISE LOST AS A COMIC

From Our Own Corresponde Paris, Thursday, March 27, 1856.

They say that Orloff will remain here after the closing of the Conferences, in the character of Extraordinary Embassador. His first duty in that office will be to inform Louis Napoleon that Nichplas is dead, and that Alexander is Czar of Ruspin-two facts which the French Emperor, as in diplomatic politeness bound, is supposed to be entirely ignorant of.

The Empress is doing well, and little Napkin is is getting on bravely. It is said that Dr. Dubois, the accoucheur who let him into this "fleeting show " of ours, has received a fee of 30,000 francs; Dr. Collegu, as assistant doorkeeper on the oceasien has received 8,000 francs, and other medical bystanders each 6,000 francs. Napkin has a guard over his cradle, (in the next room,) not of infant: y, as you might fancy, but of full-grown imperial dragoons. Their commanding officer re-ceives his orders only from Napkin's governess. Now, now it would surprise and amuse a French traveler in America, and be text for a page or two in his chapter on Women in the United States, when he returned home and published, if he should discover somewhere, in the course of his observations in our country, that Mrs. Colonel Jenkins's child's nurse had command of a corporal's guard of the

Colonel s regiment! Last week I fold you a pleasant story, in which the Emperor and Empress figured. I have another to tell to day, on just as good authority as the While the poor lady was in her labor, which, last. While the poor lady was in her lacor, which, you know, was unusually long and severe, she begged to have chloroform administered. The physicians objected, and she then entreated her husband to order it. He, pale and agitated with sympathetic suffering, replied that he had given full powers to the dectors and dare not interpose his rather than the reason. She then desired one his authority in the case. She then desired one of the attendants to request the gentlemen in the next room to pray for her in her trial. These gentlemen, you will recoilect, were certain minis-zers of State, princes of the imperial family and others, assembled by order to be witnesses of the birth of the child. When the request to pray was repeated to them, they looked at each other, raised their eyebrows, shrugged their shoulders, and went on whispering of this and that. In the room was the eratory of the Empress, an image of the Virgin, and a prie-dien (praying chair). As the bour of deliverance approached, the pains grew ask the gentlemen to offer up prayers for her alieviation and safety. The courtly messenger went again to the other room, where he found the distinguished personness sitting, yawning, standing on one leg, seeking repose and finding none, in all Forts of positions except on their knees. He was shocked, or pretended to be. "Allons done, Mes sicuri," he exclaimed, "pray a little for her Majerty!" They looked at each other as before, only more drowsily. Fould alone dropped on his mar-row-hones before the Virgin Mary. Fould, the banker, now Minister of the Household, is an Is-You may believe this story with as much reason as the one I sent last week. Observe that, respecting both of them, one thing is true and not tirel without significance. They are both circulated freely from mouth to mouth, and more than

And new, from the Tuileries and Napkin and his kinth, let me pass to another scene and subject. It has occupied my mind with solemnish emotions for the last forty hours. They would have been profoundly sad if it were not, that in Paris, any conceivable train of emotions will be many times thrown off its track in so long a course, by a thousand and one obstacles it meets in its route, comic and tragic—rustling silkes sobes, fluttering rags, your life to be saved in crossing the Boulevards, your diener to be eaten, the evening paper, a message reported by the Concierge, a letter to write to The TRIBUNE. But still a tinge of gravity is left me from the first somber effect of that Paradisc Lost. I do not speak of the original which first brought sin into the world and all our woo. nor yet of Milton's copy, but of one after that, first represented at the Ambigu Comique three nights Here is the bill, less the imposing capitals and variegated paper on which they are printed

Piscotis Perdu; Drame à grand spectuele en 5 actes et 12 talvioux. Act I - La Chute des Anges Le Fundemontum II - delque et Fee, III - Moret d'Abel i la Justice Divise. IV - Les Et tans de Cuta. V - Le Deluge en Sis Parties. M. Dumaise feel au ventrée par le rôle de Satas. Mille Periga journ le rôle d'Estas. Do not laugh, as you naturally might, as I very mistakenly did, at first sight of this.

whole congregation, slips and gallermight have gone with me the other even-and come out of the house at midnight orse than you went in. For, what is reable about this singular drama in five acts weive tableaux is that it is not only not ridic-

ulously absurd, but a solemn Morality. I say it is not absurd—but this on condition that you are accustomed to Milton, and that your taste and imagipation accept the grand creations of his. For there are passages in Milton as absurd as absurd can be, to mere common sense. Now don't cry out heresy on me; change their rhetorical form. and try them on your neighbor Jenkins, whose or thedoxy of common sense is out of dispute. See

what he says to them. For the rest, Messrs. Dennery & Dugue do not aim closely to follow Milton. They wisely key out a road of their own. The piece is not yet published. I have attended but one performance. and shall therefore not attempt a connected out-line or critique of it. Indeed, it is like to be dull enough in the reading, unless it could be illustrated by Martin, so much of its deserved suc-cess depends on the tableaux and the quite extraordinary acting of Satan-Dumaine, Eve-Periga Cain-Coste and the rest.

The tableau of the infernal council in Pandemonium, when the war upon our new-born race is planned, was very Martinesque in its effects of coloring. Tricky, false, melo-dramatic, if you will, but very impressive for all that. This is less to the credit of Martin's style than to the scenepainters of the theater, where it is much more in place than on the canvas or engraved paper. Satap's temptation of Eve and Eve's temptation of Adam, were scenes where authors and actors combined preduced an admirably trathful picture of human nature, let the accuracy of the devil's portraiture be what it might. His serpentine lineaments transformed into the singularly fine person of Dumaine, he easily makes his way through the ever open doors of female curiosity and vanity (his passions supposed not to hold place in the natures of the male readers of THE TRIBUNE.) Eve then leads her spouse to ruin along the resy path of love, pouting and caressing and really loving so prettily, so bewitchingly, so devotedly, that Adam need be more than man to resist such temptation; so down he goes in such sweet companionship, knowing the right but pursuing the wrong in glad, riotous, uxorious madness. "Thou hast not de-"ceived me, love; thou conquerest me"—and he takes and eats the proffered fruit. Their eyes are opened, and on swift angel's wings their sentence of banishment and sorrow is borne to them from heaven. Satan rejoices; his still noble form seems to swell with triumph; an exultant smile lightens up the dark shades of demoniac hate and rage and pain that had shrouded his fair countenance. Poor devil! The victory was but another defeat Not only shall this frail Eve be the mother of thy final conqueror; she herself has already conquered thee. Beautiful as the angels of thy native heaven she has inspired thee, unwittingly, with the maddest passion of love; and the utterest torments of that unrequited, hopeless passion, added to all thy other torments, shall accompany thee through all eternity. Thou hast created for thyself a new As a piece of acting, and for the moral les

ingly fine. Satan works up Cain, a rude, uncombed violent nature, to his great crime, through the pas sion of jealousy. It is but too true; it is a part of the consequences of the first fall from perfection; the parents do love the delicate, gentle, good, af-fectionate, last-born child better than his rougher elder brother. He, brooding over and exaggerat-ing every slight mark of preference, growing hercer and hercer in the solitude of the fields, in his bodily struggles with savage beasts, in the still more desperate wrestlings of his own emotions, comes in one day still more embittered by the ill success of his bunting. Just as he enters on the scene, the mother is caressing her younger son. Cain complains of this with brutal unreason; reproved for the sin of filial disrespect, he casts back upon his parents the repreach of their first disobedience to their first parent, whence comes his and all other sin. Adam threatens him with punish-ment—he folds his nervous arms over his brawny breast and defies him. The rebellion is open Eve intercedes with weman's gentleness and selfsacrifice-"Curse bim not, drive him not into the 'widerness'—and, turning to her first born—"Re-'proach him not; mine was the sin, the first, the only sin; he and you all suffer through me alone." Afte this, at her persuasion, Adam and Abel retire, and she approaches Cain, who sits moody and sullen, hate and anger swelling above shame and remorse. the reasons with him, she entreats him, she carough neck, her delicate fingers twine in his shaggy His surly face at first betrays no change; little by little you see the rude features working painfully—he tries not to yield—he struggle not to ield-but the rich, full flood of a mother's love at last overwhelming, turns the current of his angry feelings; he yields his bronzed forehead to his mother's kiss, and they fall weeping in each other's

son it bears with it, the death of Abel was surpass

The scene was free from false sentiment, and the weeping was contagious this side of the foot-lights. But soon the old jealousy revives. Satan then interferes in person. When the brothers make their several sacrifices, Cain finds that God takes the first murder Then comes the punishment-not by retaliatory death, but by an ever-living remorse. He kneels over the motionless corpse in astonishment, in fear, in an agony of horror; he beats his forehead with his cleuched hands, that unconsciously he had dabbled in his brother's blood, and leaves there the murderer's sign. He feels a strange moisture on his brow, on his hands; it is not drops of sweat! He doubts, dreads, dares not see what this strange moisture. Slowly, convulsively, as it some demon ferced them up, he raises his stained hands, until his retreating vision must rest on them; and, when his troubled gaze lights upon this livery of hell, and he knows that all this strange meisture en hands and brow and on his brother's corpse is blood, and his frame is all convuised with terror, and he whispers hoarsely "Blood everywhere!" you feel an infinite pity for the wretched man, and are ready to leave vengeance where it belongs-with God.

The next act opens, long centuries after, wher oah is building his ark, with a festival, and a ballet by the sons and daughters of Cain .--- Perhaps, Sir, the congregation had better retire. Though I ought to tellyou, and if I had but time and room before the mail closed, and in this letter, would tell you how that this ballet is as decent as a ballet possibly can be, and that a new defeat of Satan in this act is worked out with an ingenuity and profound truthfulness that does great credit to the author of the play, and no harm to the sternest merality. The Deluge is rather a failure—weak and watery, compared with the earlier parts of the drama. It has its merits, however, and there is not the slightest objection to the congregation's returning. But I may have already given too much space to this curious piece. A German newspaper says that a Mayence cor-

espondent writes, under date of March 23, that en the preceding day, some well-diggers in that city turned up a part of a printing press which hears the initials J. G., (Jehannes Guttenberg,) and the year 1441, in Roman characters.

Per centra, a Southern provincial French journal

nakes note of the recent discovery of the remains of a temple of Diana at Marseilles. This last dis-covery was made by workmen who were digging for the foundation of a new Cathedral. Whether either of the discoveries really exist outside of the newspapers where they are announced, is another The comparison is, in any case curious enough. And as for the discoveries, we may say, with the Italians, if they are not true, they are wel

THE PEACE-LITERARY NEWS.

Paris, Monday, March 31, 1856. Yesterday afternoon the following poster was placarded on the dead walls of Paris:

placarded on the dead walls of Paris:

"PREFECTURE OF POLICE,
"Congress of Paris, March 30, 1856."

"The Peace was signed to-day, at 1 o'clock, at the
Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Plenipotentiaries of
France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Saroinia and Turk-y have affixed their signatures to the
treaty which purs an end to the present war; and
which, by retting the Eastern quas-tion, establishes
the repose of Europe on firm and durable bases.

"The Prefect of Police, PIETRI."

There: it is a comfort to have it on authority at at lest, and to know by authority what common sense has told us all along, that the Well-informed

"Sources" who have been assuring us for the last two weeks that the treaty was signed or was to be signed at some other day and hour, were mistaken. as usual.

The Empress, it is said, having expressed a desire to have the pen with which the signatures wers to be set to this treaty, made, as she loves to think, in such auspicious coincidence with the birth of her boy, an eagle's feather was selected for the purpose, and richly ornamented by a cunning worker in gold and precious stones. The whim of the Empress was pretty enough as a mother's whim, and natural enough as the whim of a collector of curiosities. The selection of an eagle's feather to cut this peace-making pen from was neither a pretty nor a natural one. A goose or a turkey is a much more pacific bird.

At a little after 10 o'clock, yesterday, the guns of the Invalides-the same guns that two weeks ago told the town that an Imperial Prince was born, and announced only a few months ag the taking of Sevastopol—announced the end of war. That they should become heralds of peace, seems is that engles should eign it. However, the news was welcome from their brazen throats, and as the sounds came beaming through the Sabbath air, I tried to fancy that, like honest Pottom, they sought to "aggravate their voices," in harmony

with the day and its holy work.

Peace having been looked forward to with such assurance, its final notification could excite no supprise. Its effect on trade, commerce, and industrial enterprise, public stocks and private emo-tions, had been mainly discounted in advance. Still people are glad to have certainty made more sure, and for that and other reasons hang out flags

and bunting profusely.

The most universal reflection on the occasion is "The Emperor is in luck." To-morrow he bolds s grand review on the Champs de Mars, to show the Plenipotentiaries his military power, to show the army he has not done with it, to show that the Empire is peace, to show the sharp-pointed, bases on which it rests!

Meantime there sits solitary at No. 43 Rue Ville de l'Evêque, a men who in his turn was dictator of France, the idol of his countrymen, the arbiter of peace and war for Europe. Now he is writing day and night, not to enlarge his wide literary fame, still less to regain his lost political position but only to pay his dobts. He tells us that he ha dene with worldly hopes and regrete; he is sick o life and would leave it as Cato did, did not a bet ter religion than Cato's forbid such cowardly shirking of a burden imposed by Heaven. Only one class of pleasures is left to him, the pleasures of literature—only one purpose, that of redeem-ing with the product of his pen an estate which he holds only by the kindness of friends themselves not rich, who have become responsible for him to his crecitors. To-day he possesses no material thing that he can call his own: the very dog that looks wistfully in his face in dumb sympathy with the sorrow expressed there, is his only by sufferance. He reconness for the future any part in the great political drama, where once he filled so prominent a role, not from choice but from duty; where he labored for humanity and was deceived in human-

This and more in the same strain you may read, ou should read, in the first number of Lamartine's Monthly Conversations on Literature. The general plan of the work I have already spoken of in a previous letter. This first number is prefatory, and is almost entirely personal; it is a new chapter of "Confidences." The first part of it, where he tells us somethings of the beginnings of his literary life, is interesting without any painful alloy. The latter part of it, from which the sentiments and statements of the preceding paragraph are taken, contains the saddest pages that I have read this many a day. It is sad to read that the idel of a nation, the ruler of a state, has fallen back into the undistinguished crowd; to read that s man of luxurious wealth (imprudently lavished, f you choose, but never for gross pleasures) now sits a debtor, in sufferance, at his hereditary hearth; to read that our generous benefactor—as every creative author in letters surely is-is now our for some poor pittance of yearly subscribed frances. But yet sadder is it to read that the Tribune of the people, the man who, beyond any other European cotemporary, talked face to face with the people and was listened to by them, loses his faith in and cries out despairingly, "God help them-man

Eugene Pelletan, a disciple of Lamartine and one of his most ordent admirers, sorrowfully reproaches Lamartine for this in the first of a so ies of articles in the Presse, which he too justly entitles "Letters to a falles man" (Lettres d un homme tombé). Truly, Lamartine has fallen, and while we commoners, whose quieter, happier experience, has exposed our weakness to no such fizzy elevation, to no such stunning reverse as his. should be modestly cautious of angry reproach we do have the common right of men to complain that one who accepted the post of leader and once nobly filled it, should now desert us in defeat. Noblesse oblige, says a modern French poverb; and to nebility is more strictly bound to the duties of its high rank than that whose patent is held from

Considered merely from a literary point of view, none of Lamartine's prose is finer than this prefatory number of Familiar Course of Literature. And in this point of view, it will, I trust, meet with a favorable and remunerative reception on your side of the water, whither a friend of the author has gone to arrange for a publication of the translation simultaneously with the appearance of the original series in Paris. Still, apart from the above considerations, this number is remarkable as a study of French character; and in this respect demands, not an indulgent, but a just appreciation from American and English readers amartine's position is, in certain respects, similar to that of Welter Scott toward the close of his life. We all admire Scott for the sturdy, rigorous henesty with which he expended his last forces in laborious efforts to extinguish unwisely contracted debts. Had Scott prefaced his Life of Napoleon, or one of his later novels, with a lamentation over the decline of his fortunes and the possible departure from Abbottsford, undemonstrative but generous English sympathy would have changed to pity, if not to something more. Like a stout-hearted Briton, as he was, he kept his seriow to himself, in the stout-hearted British way-which is undoubtedly the true, manly way-for Britons and their descendants But Lawartine is a Frenchman; his long wai here is deeply pathetic, and is not unmanly—for a Frenchman—not unheroic even. How freely and how calmly be exposed himself to danger, to what seemed imminent death at the time, we all knowand it is wrong to forget it, as some of the Parisian beurgeoisie, whom he then protected, seem too easily to have forgotten. Aneas, you remember, wept on occasion, but still remained a hero. Lamartine would mount the scaffold, if need were, with as firm a step as Scott. The difference is one of national manners. He merely exposes to a public that accept such expositions the feelings that Scott, in accordance with the educa-tion and manners of his country, kept to himself Hener to them both. Lamartine to-day works a sturdily and honestly as Scott did-unbappily for a similar end. Although he asks the public to sub scribe to his serie) he refuses the subscription of fered him, by the Government, through the Minis-ter of Instruction, of 100,000 france, and opposes the friendly suggestion of a popular contribution of money. He only asks life, work and a market-for the hand of our booksellers, of our readers, that he may find an undisputed sale for his hterary labors in a merica.

) have been much entertained, as you will be,

with the Vicente de Launay, the first volume of a new edition of which (the old ones are exhausted) is just published here. Vicomte de Launay was the nom de plume of Madame de Girardiu, which she signed to a series of "Parisian Letters" that ap-peared in the fewilleton of the Presse (her husband's paper) at irregular intervals from 1836 to 1848. do not know any one book that gives a pleasanter, more readable, and, probably, more truthful deecription of the surface of Paris, passing Paris, witty, riding, dancing, painting, duping Paris; Paris that laughs and Paris that weeps (on the surface), than this. Whether the description be really truthful, it becomes me as little as any other stranger correspondent to decide. But that it tiles of the roofs. These hues of house-tops are

probably is, one may fairly conclude from Delphine in sepportunities of seeing, and frommore important in the case-ber faculty of seeing Paris as it was in those years. As a woman of seciety, as wit and as poet, she held a high rank; that she held it smid the competition and criticom of Paris, is pretty strong proof that she deserved it. Those who seek other proof will find the regrets of her acquaintances, in the poems plays she has left us, and in this book of h I speak. It is a description of Paris as it was: but Paris as it was ten years ago, is in es-sentials the Paris of to-day-and where the features of past and present differ, the comparison is as interesting as cotemporaneous delineation. I venture to say that the book is more to be relied on as well as more entertaining than most works on Paris by foreign writers of later date. By the way, let me correct here an error of one of my recent letters: Alfred d'Ambert is the real name and not the pseudonym as I fancied, of a Parisian Ceckney who wrete the annusing, coxcombical nerie Parisienne aux Etats Unis.

In graver literature we have this month another Valume of Michelet's History of France, Les Guerres de la Religion; the Memoires et Journal de l'Albe Ledieu, on the Life and Works of Bossuet, published, for the first time from Ledieu's manuscript with notes, etc.; [this work is highly laudatory of Bessuet, as might be expected from his private secretary, but is interesting, and, taken with large grains of allowance, a valuable contribution to the religious history of the times]. Historic de mon Temps by Beaumout Vassy, ex. Diplomat and ex-Prefect; [this history begins with 1830, and has reached, with the close of the second volume, the effair of Strasbourg; it is con-servative, inclined toward the power that is, but totally impartial and interesting] L'Oiscau, a little volume by Michelet, the historian; [This is not a contribution of great value to the science of ornithology, nor calculated to raise Michelet's rep-utation as a writer or thir ker, but still a book that mest writers and thinkers would be proud to have produced; containing such talk and thoughts about birds and ornithologists, and such glimpses of Michelet's life and character, presented in such language, that once begun, you rend fast on to the end, and let reproving criticism lag behind].

Among reprints, I notice as extraordinary five new editions of the celebrated Memoirs of the Duke de Saint Simon. The commencement of two of these editions is already on sale. One of them, in cetave form, good paper and clear type, will be completed in 20 volumes, and cost 80 francs; other, by the same publisher, is in larger form, double-columned page, with 600 illustrations of some merit, and will cost, complete, but 20 francs. Another publisher advertises three editions as about to appear, ranging in price from 300 frances to 24, according to form, quality, and style of paper and print. Between these rival booksellers there is a curious quarrel. One of them, Hachette. chains the sole right to publish the Memoirs of St. Simon, because he has bought it of the present Duke St. Simon, who possesses the original manu-script of his ancestor. The other claims full right to publish, on the ground that the Memoirs are to publish, on the ground that the Memorrs are long since become common property, as is proved by the fact that eight separate editions of them have been printed between 1734 and 1840. Bachette calls upon the present Duke to maintain him in his right: the Duke commences a suit against the rival beckseller. The whole matter will soon come before the courts, whose decision on this case of literary property, a hundred years old, will be worth attending to. While a very chesp new edition of Rosseau's and Voltaire's whole works is in course of publication an ex-Charles XII, is published for the use of schools, under the patronage of Government!

Amyot's elegant edition of the works of the most successful author of the day, Napoleon III, is now completed in four handsome volumes. The Assemblee Nationale promises a translation of Fanny Fern's "Ruth itall" in its feuilleton.

ROME.

LIFE AT ROME. From Our Own Correspondent. ROME, Thursday, Feb. 21, 1856.

There are charming nothings here which creep upon the attention in its listless moments, and win the affections by their habitual presence. At first they are novelties, sometimes agreeable and some t mes not, but finally they fit into our every-day life, and help make us feel that though in a strange, we are in a delightful land. Whether riding on the campagns, wandering among the ruins, strolling on the Piucio, winding the dirty streets, or lounging in his easy chair, an American feels that his native land, which he loves but regrets not, is a half bemisphere distant from him. In Winter the charming contrast of the climate conduces to spotted with daisies; roses and various flowering shrubs and trees are in bloom by turns all Winter in the gardens; oranges resign their places on the trees to new buds and flowers; the whole Winter is a constant early Spring. The air is genial and bracing, except when the south wind blows, bringing rain. No time is lost or ill-humor bred in shaking and thivering from the cold. We depend little upon artificial heat, consequently dress warmer within doors than is hab tual in our close houses at home. At this moment the embers are smoldering on our hearth opposite a large open window, through which is pouring in a flood of glowing sunlight. The flowers on the balcony are sparkling with drops, for an April shower has just passed.

You may repose in this delicious air all the afternoon without fear of a chill or cold-dreaming, if you will or looking, if you like, with us at the chaes of nothing around and beneath our balcony. There are no views or vistas to excite eloquence or win exclamations; it is only a small panerama a bit of Roman local-colored mosaic which we are inclined to inspect with care. We look the longest on the roots. To an Englishman their extent must seem a desert neglected space. There are no high chimae, s, helmeted with pots, standing in thick groups over them; no blue blankets of smoke hiding the sky from view; but only a curl now and then floating in the air, or resting on the bosom of the sky. These chimneys are low-roofed, with open gabled tiles grown ever with moss and mold like the tiles that root in ribs the houses. Flower-pots instead of chimney pots parade on the house-tops, and take our sympathy captive to their piunacies. Some buildings are covered over with green and flowers like hanging gardens. Conservatories of tender plants seem to seek these high places. They are gardens in the air for garret people, extremely sgreenide in any land-or rather roof-scape. But when I have made a note of them and look up again, something gritumer greets my eyes. It is the remaining part of the round of Augustus's temb. There is new only the back of the torse of the immense monument left, and this grown around with warts of modern buildings like gnomes at the feet of the rained throne of the spirits of the Empereis. The amphithester is become a circus the sepulchral chambers horse-stalls, and the yose that contained the dust of the Imperial Cursus, a curiosity at the Vatican. Thrones and tembs embrace each other in the dust of Rome. Imagination restores these colossal ruins, super posing three immense circular stories, like col eum on coliseum, capping the last by a dome, and finishing this by a bronze statue of Augustusthe wonder incomplete, till living evergreen cy presses are planted around and upon the edifice is circles from the base to its top. From the Mauso learn along the Tiber, retrespect sees the sacred wood, where the bodies of the Emperors for a hundred years were burned. Like most of the remains of autiquity in modern Rome, this is built into the present, and one supports the other. Close around the semi-amplitheater statues stand at irregular intervals. They are grown time-colored and blend in with the worn and warted walls, and

interesting and as much more characteristic and saying than those of shingles, slate and tin, as the ights and shades of bair are more so than those of beaver hats. From high positions the pate of Rome is a subject of endless observation. It is hard and soft, old and warm, bald and covered, light and dark by turns- bearing storms like Lear and sunlight like a salamander-at all times submissive and steadiest as becomes its place.

Digressing from roofs, we descend to windows.

From the Pincio Rone seems riddled with them to different from London, where light pays a duty. All these, like ours, open in the middle like double All these, like cure, or deeps, or three large panes form a side, joined together by bands of copper, and all fastened in a frame. Without seeming impertinent, we may stare into some of these win dows across the court. There is a woman in her dows across the court. There is a woman in her high kitchen, with a battered, long-nosed copper jug, coming to draw up water. There is no pre-cipitation in her movements. Sometimes she looks at us and again at vacancy. She is pretty enough, with large, dark eyes, but pupils not so brilliant as those of beauties; blue reflections fit over her masses of black hair. That in front is coiled round itself on each temple, and confined with long brass hair-pins crossing each other. A bright brass wire comb is in its place behind, but half its heavy braided burden is tumbled down the woman's shoulders. I cannot see the latter, but her throat round, and far, far down beneath it rich, bright, bronzed carnation glows. She enjoys the light, and never dreamed of a sur-bonnet. She unfastens the rope that passes over a pully, attaches her water-pot to its hook, and lets it down to the fountain in the court; then drawing it up, repeats the movement of hand over hand, like a sailor mounting mast, playing grandly her large round armslocally coffee-colored, but now, like kerself, all radiant with the gold of the sun, till the pot comes up to the parapet, leaps it, and with its bearer disappears.

This tinging of ropes is attached to some win dow of every apartment around the Court, for the furpose of drawing water. Since the black and blue haired woman is gone, a

boy and girl come trundling a basket of wet lines to the baiceny. Let us watch how they manage to harg it out. Acress an angle of the court a stout wire is drawn; on this slip rings to which are attached short doubled strings. The boy with a stalk of came drives the rings up to the girl's reach, and then both make loops in the strings and elip therein corners and ends of garments and linen, and leave them, like the world, to swing in the air; the heavier they hang, the tighter grows the noose-and so they dry secure. It strikes us that this is an improvement on country clothespins and lines. In all the courts and streets of the Roman part of Rome there are constantly lines of linen up and down the outside to dry. I have not yet observed that there is any universal washingday, as with us. I suspect each family suits its own convenience in these ablutions—doing them Sundsy or Monday, or later, as they like. There neast be fewer laundry specialities here than in the northern cities. The abundance of the water and purity of the atmosphere favors each family's economy in employing their own servants in tais department of domestic labors; and as they are overdone by house-cleaning, it is no great hardship for them. And while we have the Populum Romanum on

the carpet, we cannot fail to recognize our own new little servant Cecilia—just fourteen—and just twice as long as wide, who now is sunning herself balcony around the corner from my windew. Her arms can scarcely compass her broad chest as she leans on them over the balustrade. She is just come in from the last mass, and is alto gether jaunty in her new, smart, clean Frascatian costume. We will beckon her over here and see her wonder at the barbarous language we speak. She says it is less pretty than the Italian, but bally the blanch of the language we speak. ances the blame by declaring ourselves absolutely prettier than her countrywomen. We incline to this naiveté and in turn admire her light-blue silk coreets and red bandana handkerchief, pinned in plaits behind to bare her neck, and find her flat-tered as we, in hearing that she is thought pretty. Long white chemise sleeves and a bright checked woolen skirt complete her gala-dress. She twinges her arms and shoulders a little, and says her corsets are new-that is why they burt-pointing at the band of iron half a finger wide, hid by canvass and bones, which bows from one arm to the other around her chest. Another iron bar within extends down the front, and a third reaches down the back to keep the lacings straight. Luckily she wears it only to mass, and in her innocence believes that time will make it tenderer. They are her first womanly corsets, and she is immensely proud of their strength and beauty, and pounds on the irons across the front to show me how solid they are-not like pincushion covers of pasteboard and silk, but suif nd unyielding as a ship's keel, and made of the test iron, buck and bones. "Enough, child; go dress yourself for your work." She retains the same white sleeves and replaces the corsets and his comfort. It offers no impediment to his move-ments. The sky is pure, the fields are green, and knotted behind. Odd slip-shod shoes take the ce of her tidy boots, and she commences her singing and racing about the back rooms of the apartment. She is more scullery-maid than servant, or the matron of the house waits on us at table; her daughter, quite a lady in her way, plays the piano, teaches us Italian, takes Bé out wh engaged, does our rooms, brushes our dresses, watches for rents in gloves and stockings, and, in short, makes herself cannently useful in various WATE.

Gie-gi- a little adopted boy of the family, the sweetest-voiced child in the world-opens the stairway door when we ring, crying always "Chi e?" (Who's there!) before he opens it, "Chie?" (Who's there?) before he opens it, cleans our boots, brings in our wood, nurses cleans our boots, brings in our wood, nurses the fire, does errands, and at evening sits on the stairs with the lamp, reading com-edies, or now, leaves of Robinson Crusoe illustrated, gathered from a box of waste paper provided to light our fires. At present he is also occupied with the education of Cecilia, whem he considers stupid in filling our lamps and tea-kettle—the first he declares not sufficiently, and the latter always excessively filled. He is much younger than the girl, but still lords it over her, to our unceasing amusement. This family take a box at the opera when they like; the mother and daughter diess in silk and laces when they go out; they are well versed in history and their poets, and withel genial and happy among themselves. The father deals in books and small antiques and rarities of Japan and Chinese manufacture. On our what-not are curious Japanese cups, from which we take our nightly tea, once helorging to a set-two of which unique; Napoleon I. ordered one for himself, the other for a Cardinal, at the disposal of whose effects these were bought. Our rooms are decorated with va rious colored vases of the same precious make, which we have converted into chiffoniers for bills. ica, fruits, dessert, drawing materials, etc. calinet of ebeny and pearl and ivory contains our writing things; a pedestal of marble stands on it supporting a wolf and its nurslings, Romulus and us, in bronze. Two Chinese cabinet, and before them, on the Place of the markle table top, stand two miniature Egyptian onelisks. Bronze statuettes on markle, porphyry and red antique stone bases, stand on the mantisiere and bail redeem the shabby fireplace and moky chimney. Large proof engravings of some I the heat Italian masters bang about these parls of the best Italian masters hang about these parlor walls. Overlead on the ceiling designs of angels, birds and flowers are painted in the Pompeian style, making reveries on the sofa more agreeable than those in which we may be diverted by our ragged carpet. Cecilia interrupts us again. She is babbling to the birds whose three cages she is hanging on the clothes line. The singing of the tirds compensates for the braying of the don-less in the adjusting court. Next to its belis, keys in the adjoining court. Next to its bells, its brays are the frequent, familiar sounds of its bisys are the frequent, familiar sounds of home. There is no accounting for the latter but by supposing some angel obstructs continually some donkey's path, and some Baham beats the brute perpetually. But there is nothing reasonable, plaintive or appealing in the voice of the latter lere. Our sympathies go with the master more than with the beast, and I can quite compared to the compared to prehend the exarperation that desired a sword to kill him. On the contrary the Roman horses are objects of our most considerate regard. There some close by us whose morning toilet we

watch with the liveliest interest. They are small and black, with long, crinkled tails, smooth and glossy as if curied and permaded like a lady's tresses; their hoofs are cleaned, then am other and blacked and varnished like a gentleman's patent-leather boot. Black horses are remarkable by their numbers here, as priests are allowed to drive no others, and so the Cardinals with excelleut teste choose the contrast of crimson in the ornaments of their carriages and harnesses. Different noble families still hold the monopoly of breeding the different races of black, white and red horses, as well as the races of buffaloes and red horses, as well as the races of buffaloes and exen. The latter are remarkably handsome and becoming in pictures, as in the "Italian Harvesters" at the Louvre. They are of a light, pure gray color, composed of black and white blended and shaded as Nature wills: with finely formed bodies and long, wide-branching, gracefully curved horns, and beads of peculiar elegance and docitity. They are driven nuch more quietly than the oven in our are driven much more quietly than the oxen in our country—net goaded with sticks, but guided often by ropes attached to their horns. The buffaloes stand related to these exen as the donkeys to the betree, but in their uncultivated ugliness, bear a nobler nature than the ass. We think of them furious and athlete, as in our Western wilds, but here they follow their master as needles a mag-net. He walks before them, holding a long pole, where other end rests on the yoke, and to coax them on he pats this instead of striking the anithem on he pats this instead of striaing the animals' sides, which strikes me also as being more agreeable. If you are weary of these observations on the brute burden-bearing races, consider the milk-giving asses that go about healing irritated threats and tender lungs, or the she-goats that you will see at our door in Summer, yielding half our breakfast.

The sun becomes staring. Let us close the window and shutters, glancing once more at the sparkling crosses, dones and beil-towers that mark the horizon over our roots.

AU REVOIR.

CHURCH SERVICES AT ROME.

ROME, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1856. Every afternoon at 4 during Lent the bell towers

of St. Roe and St. Carlo, between which we are, evince an extra agitation. Their bells fly out and in, calling with pealing clamor the people to the preaching. When the ringing ceases the slow, solemn tell commences, warning the approach of the mement when the minister mounts the pulpit. St. Carlo is close by us, in the Corso, so let us pass this hour before dinner there. The Church is medern-that is, only a little older than the fame of Plymouth Rock; abandant in frescoes, gilding and marbles, and yet without interest here as a monument of art. On the steps without, an old woman stands, guarding a flock of chairs. We pay a baioccho each and carry ours in. A one-legged and one-eyed man, all that is necessary, raises up at one side the stuffed leather, stitched, mattresslooking curtain hanging before the entrance, to allow us to pass. You give him a half-baloccho if you like, and with your chair seek a place in the nave, before or at the side of the pulpit, as suits nave, before or at the side of the pulpit, as suits your taste. You are as free as in your own chambers to stand, sit or kneel, when, where and as long as befits your mood. No one disturbs, not tices or attracts another. If you are a real fidela you will seem to see nothing but the crucifix, or some image of the Virgin. But if you are a little heretic and curious, you will quietly wrap yourself in a semblance of devotion, and contemplate what is peculiar around you. The pulpit stands in the middle of the left side of the nave. Its body is like a short column whose capital is the box the preacher stands in. On it is the crucifix, which in preacher stands in. Ou it is the crucifix, which in Freuch churches is usually on the opposite side of the pave. Above is a sounding board, painted with the emblems of the Holy Spirit; and higher still as awning of cloth stretched over the pulpit and part of the people, to present a dissipation of the speaker's voice. "Humility." in large gilt letters, is inscribed on the front of the desk, which, with all its symbols and souverirs is an object winning contemplation. The pulpit, as well as all the inner columns and walls, is covered with real or imi-tated colored marbles, with rich, red hues predominating, giving that warm tone to the interior which colored glass imparts to the bare white walls of Gothic churches. A few wooden benches are placed in rows oppo

site the pulpit and at its sides, where those who do not choose a chair may sit. They are high and hard, with no suggestion of upholstered seats and kneeling-cushions. This is no school for nods—no time for huxury. There is the choice to stand, kneel on the stone pavement, or sit on a bench or on a straw bottomed chair that costs a cent. Kneeling, statue-looking figures are scattered all through the church, in the nave, and before the different alters of the chapels. Catholics remain for some time in this attitude after coming in. All seem absorbed in devotion. The old men and women are counting their beads, and murmurit aves and paters. There is scarcely an expression of wandering thought. The poor women and serv-ants are as you will see them at their work or in the streets, or perhaps a little tidier, with no extra covering except a handkerchief or shawl thrown over the heed to fulfill the injunction of Paul. There are no neat white caps seen, like those of the French servants. Occasionally a maid or waiting-woman wears a black lace vail on her head. The common men, mostly old, of the con-gregation, are wrapped in blue cloth cloaks with ample capes, one corner of which they throw across the breast and over the shoulder, offering, whether they move or rest, endless studies of drapery. They wear long beards and small black skull-caps, and are as edifying in their devotions as

But our preacher is coming in by the be sacristy. A man in a blue gown and pink cape leads the way; the monk follows—a brother of the convent of the Ara Cwli, "the Heavenly Altar." His head is uncovered except by a small black sllk crown cap. His capuchin falls back on black silk crown cap. His capuchin falls back on his shoulders, his coarse dark-brown gown and cloak fall almost to his yellow skin shoes. He bends the knee in passing the chapel of the Holy Sacrament and approaches the pulpit. The blue-and pink man opens its door, takes the priest's cloak, folds it, and follows him, and remains hid somewhere there during the sermon. The preacher mounts to his place, removes his tiny cap, salutes mounts to his place, removes his tiny cap, salutes the crucifix, then stands in prayer a moment with palm to palm. Meantime the people kneel; the priest kneels too and pronounces an Ave Maria, to which all respond. These various genuflexions and devotions occupy not more than a minute. Then the priest sits down, puts on his cap, then riese and takes it off to pronounce his text, then replaces it again and proceeds directly to his discourse. There is no book, no reading, no invitations te attention, no "Dear hearers, you will find "the text recorded, etc.," but the words are given in Latin, then in Italiau, and without preamble the man is at his work. There are no faint, fashionable whispers at the beginning, but a clear, nationable whispers at the beginning, but a clear, natural audible voice announces that he has some-thing to say and simply seeks to say it. His severe costume, and impassioned, graceful and flexible gestures would inspire a deaf man's interest: his sourcous language, fervid s, mpathy, and elegant style could not leave a blind man unmoved. The folds of his long woolen gown are confined around his waist by a hemp cord which winds twice around his body and hangs down in strings at his side. There is no white about his neck or wrists. He looks as if in a dark working frock without a collar. The sleeves are conveniently long and wide, but nothing extra for grace is given, consequently there is no occasion for those flourishes for drawing up the folds in declamation and devotien, which are among the finest attractions of mary modern preachers. Neither are there any linen to cover prettily his face in flourishes of fine prayer, but he looks steadfastly at the Sh-kinah and prays. The French Catholic and Protestant ministers, too, pray with open, upturned eyes—a habit which seems commendable for its natural-ness and freedom from embarrassment. Italian

as well as other Continental preaching is extem-poraneous, allowing soul and body to move to-gether in the expression of thought and sentiment, and particularly inducing the culture of gestion-